

plenty of chickens, cows and horses, but Polly never thought much about how nice all these were, for her father and mother were always hard at work, and Polly and the rest of the children had to help. Polly's two brothers worked with their father, her sister helped her mother in the house, and Polly washed the dishes, scoured the knives, fed the chickens, and ran errands for the family, and for all the summer boarders besides.

One of the boarders, Miss Cary, was watching Polly shell peas one morning, and thinking that she did a great deal of work for such a little girl. Finally she said:

"How old are you, Polly?"

"Seven," Polly answered.

"You're almost eight," said her mother.

"When is her birthday?" Miss Cary asked.

"Why, let me see; it's this month some time—the 17th—yes, the 17th of July. I declare, I'd forgotten all about it if you hadn't 'a' spoke," and Mrs. Jones went on with her work again.

"What's a birthday?" Polly asked shyly.

"Why, Polly!" exclaimed Miss Cary, "don't you know? It's the anniversary of the day you were born. Didn't you ever have a birthday present, Polly?"

"No," said Polly, looking puzzled.

"We never have much time for these things," Polly's mother said. "It's 'bout all I can do to remember Christmas."

"Yes, I know," Miss Cary said, but she resolved that Polly should "have a birthday."

When she went down to breakfast the next morning, Miss Cary met Polly in the hall, and putting a little silk purse into her hand, said kindly: "Here, Polly, is something for you to buy birthday presents with."

Polly opened the little bag and found in it eight bright silver quarters, and she ran as fast as she could to tell her mother.

"Land sakes, child!" the mother said; "that's too much money for you to spend. Better save it. It will buy you a pair of shoes and a warm hood this winter."

Almost any little girl would have

cried at this, and Polly's eyes did fill with tears, but as her mother wanted her to help "put the breakfast on," Polly took the plate of muffins into the dining-room. Miss Cary noticed the wet lashes, and said: "Mrs. Jones, please let Polly go down to the store to-day and spend her birthday money."

Mrs. Jones could not refuse this request, so, after she had put the baby to sleep, Polly was allowed to go to the store, which was a good two miles away, but the happy little girl would have willingly walked five miles to spend her precious two dollars.

It was late in the afternoon when she came back, and the boarders were lounging about, waiting for the supper-bell to ring. They all smiled at the little figure toiling up the road with her arms full of bundles. Polly smiled radiantly through the dust that covered her round little face as she called to Miss Cary: "Oh! I've got such lots of things. Please come into the kitchen and see."

"No, it's too warm there," Miss Cary said, "come into the parlour, where it's cool, and we can all see."

So they all went into the house, and Polly commenced to unwrap her packages and exhibit her purchases.

"There," she said, as she tore the paper from a queer-shaped bundle, "this is for ma," holding up an egg-beater, "cause it takes so long to beat eggs with a fork."

The boarders looked at each other in surprise, but Polly was too busy to notice. She fairly beamed as she held up a green glass necktie pin for inspection. "Isn't it lovely?" she said. "It's for pa, so he'll wear a collar like ma wants him to. Of course he'll want to wear such an elegant pin, and then he'll have to wear a tie, and then he'll have to wear a collar."

"This isn't much," she continued, opening a small bundle, "only a rattle for baby. It only cost five cents."

The boarders looked on in silence as the busy little fingers untied strings. No one knew whether to laugh or feel sorry.

It was wonderful what two dollars would buy, and not strange that the little girl had spent a whole

half-day shopping. There was a blue tie for Brother Dan, and a pink one for Tim; a yellow hair-ribbon for Sister Linda, some brass hairpins for grandma, a small bottle of cologne for Jake, the "hired man," and then there was but one package left. Polly patted this lovingly before she opened it. "This is the nicest of all, and it's for you," she said, as she handed Miss Cary a box of pink writing paper. "It seemed too bad that you only had plain white paper to write your letters on when you write so lovely, so I got you this. Ain't it grand?"

"Why, it's beautiful, Polly dear," Miss Cary said, "but what have you bought for your birthday present?"

"Why, these," said Polly, "these are all my presents. Presents are something we give away, aren't they?" and Polly looked round, wondering why all were so still.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive," said one of the ladies softly. The gentlemen looked out of the windows, and Miss Cary put her arms around Polly and kissed the hot, dusty little face many times.

"It's been a lovely day," Polly said, as she distributed her last gift. "I never had any presents to give away before, and I think birthdays are just lovely."

The next month, after Miss Cary had returned to the city, she had a birthday, and there came to Polly a most beautiful doll, with lots of beautiful clothes, and a card, saying: "For Polly, on my birthday, from Lena Cary," which, by the way, immediately became the doll's name.

And Miss Cary was not the only one who caught Polly's idea of a birthday, for the rest of the boarders remembered Polly's presents, and, through the year, as each one's birthday came, Polly received a gift to delight her generous little heart.

When the 17th July came around again, though Miss Cary was not at the farm she sent Polly a little silk bag, with nine silver quarters in it, and Polly still thinks "birthdays are lovely."—*Christian Standard*.

"BEN'S BESOM."

This is the name of a broom re-